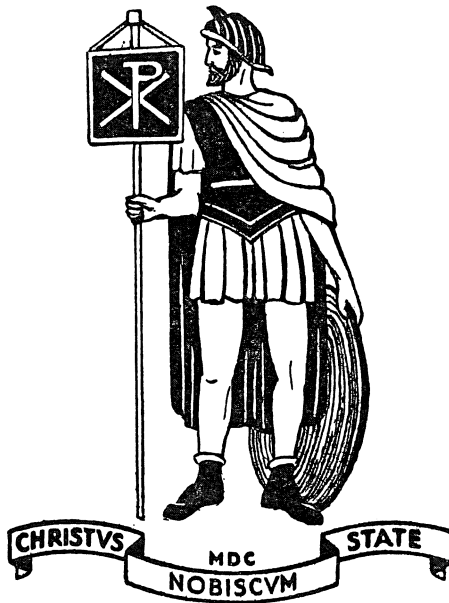


The

Alcester Grammar



School Record

July, 1955

Alcester Grammar School Record

No. 111.

JULY, 1955.

Editor : MR. V. V. DRULLER.

Committee :

ANN SWINGLEHURST, BERYL POPE, DAVIS, PINFIELD, FINNEMORE.

SCHOOL REGISTER

VALETE

Husband, P. F. (VI), 1949-55.

Lazarus, J. R. (IIA), 1953-55.

Bott, P. F. (VB), 1950-55.

Ross, N. C. (IIA), 1953-55.

Cremetti, A. M. (VB), 1950-55.

SALVETE

Keen, C. R. (IVA).

Nicholls, G. N. E. (IIIA).

There have been 304 pupils in attendance this term.

OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD

President : MRS. M. FEAST.

Treasurer : MRS. D. TAYLOR.

Secretary : H. CANNING.

Dance

An Old Scholars' dance was held in the Town Hall on Tuesday, April 12th. There was a good attendance of Old Scholars and friends, and the committee were gratified at the support shown on this occasion.

Summer Reunion

This gathering will be held at School on Saturday, July 23rd, by kind permission of the Governors and Headmaster. Tennis will start at 2.30 p.m., and tea will be at five o'clock. After this the Reunion will continue until midnight.

At length the afternoon sun became too warm for us and we made our way towards a small invitingly cool wood. We were delighted to find, in the middle of this, a miniature lake with a huge fallen tree lying across it to form a half-submerged bridge. Bravely we started to walk along the trunk. However, while we were concentrating on keeping our balance we did not notice the four "big boys"—who are always frightening to small girls, although not, of course, to the older ones—coming in the opposite direction. We met half way across. My unfortunate cousin, being in front, became the first victim of teenage aggression. Catching hold of her shoulder, the red-headed leader swayed her from side to side and said: "'Ow would yer like a bath today?" I was terrified that he would carry out his threat to push her in the dark forbidding water, so I reached round and whacked him sharply on the shoulder with the stick. With a howl of pain he released my cousin, who nearly knocked me off the trunk as she fled past. I had diverted his attention from Shirley, but it was now fully turned upon me.

Grasping one end of my precious stick, Ginger cried: "'Ere, look, the thieving little brat's pinched the stick as we were goin' to make into cricket stumps out of the field." Angry mutters and threats came from the other three.

"Oo, it's not," I protested. "It was growing in the hedge." I indignantly gave the stick a sharp jealous tug, nearly precipitating my adversary into the water. With a shout of rage he seized my wrist and twisted it until I was forced to relinquish my hold. Realising that the unequal battle was lost, I wrenched myself free and turned to follow the flight of my cousin. Along the trunk I ran, with my pursuers hot on my heels. Out of the wood I went as fast as my legs would carry me, and then I tried to scramble hurriedly over a stile. I fell and landed in the middle of a huge clump of stinging nettles. The four boys, who had almost caught me, hooted with laughter at my plight and left me, probably thinking that I had had enough punishment.

We arrived at the house, bruised and dishevelled, to tell our tale of injustice. We received clucks of sympathy from the grown-ups, while my tingling arms and legs were bathed in calamine lotion. However, the tears and stings counted for little. Childlike, the thing that grieved us most was the loss of the stick. All that trouble over a piece of wood!

BERYL POPE (VI).

MY TELEVISION DEBUT

It was very nearly dinner-time on the first day of the Easter holidays, and I was already beginning to feel bored. Then there was a knock at the door and to my surprise a telegram for me. I was even more surprised when I read it, to find that I was to ring Shepherds Bush immediately with regard to my clock. I had a slight notion what it was about, because

Mrs. Harrison, our art teacher, had written up to the B.B.C. about my clock only three weeks before, but we hardly expected anything to come of it.

We rang Shepherds Bush and arranged to meet the Editor at the Birmingham studios a week later. This we did, and before she had even seen the clock, she said she would have me on her programme, "All Your Own," on May 1st. Three days later she came down to see if it really did work, with "Mr. Sprogett" of The Archers as her chauffeur.

My father and I went up to London by car with the clock taking up most of the room. This was on the Saturday, for we were to stay the night and return on the Sunday, after the programme. We arrived at the Lime Grove studios just after six o'clock and, after unloading the clock and carrying it for what seemed miles along studio passages, we came to a room where I assembled the clock so that the interviewer, Huw Wheldon, could go over the procedure with me. This took until ten o'clock, after which we went to our hotel.

We had to be at the studios again at a quarter past ten the next morning, when, for the first time, we went into the televising studio. This was a very large room with about forty cameramen and other "back-room boys" wearing headphones. They were operating the electrically-driven cameras, which moved across the room without a sound.

After I had reassembled my clock once more we had a rehearsal which was mainly for the benefit of the cameramen, so that they could get their positions after each item. They were televising us and we could see ourselves on the monitors, but they were not transmitting it.

In the afternoon we had another rehearsal, which was a complete run through of the afternoon's programme. After this I set the clock ready for the actual programme, and then we went for tea. It was now about twenty to five, and before I had even drunk my tea, I heard this over the loud speaker system: "Will the owner of the grandfather clock come to studio E immediately." At once the thought that it had been knocked over crossed my mind and I began to get worried. When we reached the studio after getting lost on the way, we found that it had only been knocked, and, as a result, it had set the pendulum vibrating at a terrific rate. In five minutes it had covered three hours to the accompaniment, of course, of the chimes and strikes. All I had to do was to steady the pendulum; at which the astonished onlookers remarked: "We thought of doing that, but we thought we had better not touch it."

Soon after we had finished tea the programme went on the air and the moment I had been waiting for for three weeks was, at last, materialising. Nevertheless, my worries were not over yet, because, in running round the back of the cameras to get to me, Huw Wheldon tripped over a cable and landed at my feet. He managed to get up just in time and the viewers received no indication of what had happened.

Taking things all round, we had a very interesting and enjoyable week-end, and I might add, for the benefit of some humorists, that as far as I know, shares in the TV tube trade have not gone up.

M. P. FINNEMORE (VA).

THIS MODERN CULT OF UGLINESS

This modern cult of ugliness can best be illustrated by paintings which are acclaimed, world-wide, as works of art, but which, to my mind, are nothing but meaningless jumbles of squiggles and lines, which any small child does while learning to draw.

How can these experts make this statement when, for example, the caption under a picture says: "A Lady in a Room," and you are confronted by a misshapen figure with several eyes, and numerous arms and legs sticking out in all directions? Moreover, the lady is probably painted in loud clashing colours, and surrounded by a maze of lines which are supposed to represent the room. I do not call that a work of art, but the result on canvas of a man's muddled mind.

Other pictures are equally strange and odd looking, and I need to view them from all angles before I finally decide what they are supposed to be even though their titles are clearly stated.

Sculpture has tended to become very ugly, for now the most distinguished places in an art gallery are taken up by shapeless masses of stone, with holes at various intervals to relieve the monotony, instead of the beautiful and finely carved figures of gods and goddesses of mythical times.

Then again sculpture is chiselled to represent the human form, but is so grossly exaggerated as to become hideous and vulgar when presumably finished.

The modern trend of furniture has become more streamlined and ugly. Instead of the graceful chairs of Queen Anne's time, with their beautifully fashioned legs and backs, contemporary chairs are angular and mass-produced. All modern furniture is like this, with stark bare lines, whereas the furniture of old is graceful, elegant and beautiful to look at, with intricate and delicate carving.

Women's clothing can be included in "This Modern Cult of Ugliness." There is nothing attractive about the "A" line, the "H" line and all the other different lines that these fashion designers keep on inventing. They are unflattering and definitely hideous, and not in the least bit graceful as were the robes of Roman times or the dresses of Elizabethan days.

Altogether this "Modern Cult of Ugliness" can be seen in every walk of life, as can be shown by its influence on art, sculpture, furniture and fashions, just to name a few spheres in which its influence is felt.

ANNE COMPSON (VA).

PAINTING AND DECORATING

"'Twas in the summer of '49," as the song goes. But our song went with a difference; we called it the runaway paint brush instead of the runaway train.

My father was ill and my sister was lost among the mountains of South Wales. The house was in need of at least one coat of paint. I was nine years old at that time, and if there was one thing I liked more than anything else it was splashing paint around with a brush twice my size.

Thus I arose one morning to find the sun high in the sky and the temperature creeping up to the seventies. I dressed quickly and, climbing onto the stair handrail, peered out of the high-set window. To my great astonishment I saw a maze of scaffolding and ladders, and in the centre of this was my mother plying her brush to and fro, for all the world like a large spider in an equally large web. My astonishment was so great that I took a deep breath, shut my eyes and screamed: "Mother!" Mother looked up, but could see nothing, for my position, precarious to say the least, was upset as soon as I shut my eyes. Like a fool, I had lifted my hands and waved; so that not many seconds later I was in a heap in the corner of the lobby, and by the time I was retrieved by an anxious mother, I had called upon her more than once.

Painting has this and many other memories for me, but I could never understand why the handrail disappeared from beneath that little window, or why, when I was just getting busy with a brush of nice bright paint, my mother would suddenly send me to the village shop for a jar of stone beer, or to my grandmother to see if she would take me for a ride.

How I enjoyed those days! Of the actual painting, the hard work, the mixing and application of paint I remember relatively little. This is not as strange as it may seem, for on many days when my mother's silent prayers were answered, I forgot all about paint and the intricacies of the scaffolding, and arose very early, fried a huge piece of ham and placed it in the centre of a half loaf and trotted off to the river with my fishing pole, hooks and a jar of stone beer.

I remember one day carrying home a much-prized eel which I had promised my grandmother I would catch for her. Seeing my mother's patent blend of black varnish and paint, I set to work to paint over the windows of our house, as I had seen Jacko do in the "Children's Newspaper." While doing this I dropped the eel into the tin of varnish. Seeing this, and knowing two things: firstly that my grandmother would like the eel for her supper, and, secondly, that paraffin or turpentine would remove the paint, I set to work to mix the paraffin and turpentine and wash the eel in it, carefully removing the paint with a rag.

Strange how my grandmother said she liked that eel. I never realised how hard it was to remove the taste. Perhaps . . . Well, I suppose it does not matter. No one felt any ill-effects, although I nearly died of the application of a little stick my mother kept in a cupboard. Mother did not think the blacking of the windows funny, and, when I come to think, neither did Jacko's mother.

D. SHEPPARD (VB).

NOTES AND NEWS

The Summer Term opened on Tuesday, April 26th, and closes on Friday, July 22nd.

* * *

The cross-country races took place in the afternoon of Thursday, March 31st. The senior race was won by Finnemore and the junior by Gill.

* * *

On Saturday, March 5th, a party of boys and girls, with Miss Smith, Miss Pickard and Mr. Winter, travelled by coach to the Edgbaston County Cricket Ground to watch the Women's International Hockey match between England and Ireland.

* * *

The annual hockey match between the girls' 1st XI and the Staff was played on Friday, March 25th, the girls winning 1—0.

* * *

The picture for the tidiest form-room last term was awarded jointly to IIIB and IIB.

* * *

Football colours were presented to Bates, Lewis i, and Pinfield; hockey colours to A. Davis, J. Dixon and M. Scott; netball colours to A. Davis and J. Burford.

* * *

On Tuesday, March 15th, a series of films was shown to IIIA and IIIB by Messrs. Cadbury of Bournville.

* * *

The half-term holiday comprised the whole of Whit week, and we were favoured with fine, warm weather for the greater part of it.

* * *

Photographs of the School teams have been taken this term.

* * *

On Thursday, June 9th, a party of members of the Country Dance Society were taken by Miss Hewitt to an exhibition of country dancing at the Central Hall, Birmingham.

In the S.W.S.A.A. annual sports at Stratford-on-Avon, on Saturday, June 18th, a team of boys and girls was entered for the first time. The team was very successful, obtaining eleven firsts, nine seconds and eleven thirds. The relay teams also ran well, with four getting home in second place. Particularly pleasing were the results in the throwing events, and here we shall have six members of the School in the team representing South Warwickshire in the County Sports on Saturday, June 25th. The total number in the School team for these sports will be thirty-nine out of the ninety-five representing the South Warwickshire Association.

* * *

The G.C.E. examinations began on Monday, June 20th, and the terminal examination on June 27th.

* * *

Sports Day is Thursday, July 14th.

* * *

A team of A.G.S. boys competed in the cross-country championship race organised by the Warwickshire County Cross-Country Association held at Higham Lane S.M.S. on Saturday, March 26th. The race was over a course of two and a half miles, in the worst possible conditions both overhead and under foot. Although the A.G.S. team was not particularly well placed, all members completed the course, and Gill finished 16th out of a field of over two hundred starters. The School was represented by: Bennett ii, Cooke ii, Cooke iii, Cotter, Cox, Edmonds, Gill, Langston, Mills iii, Robinson, Shakles and White.

A CYCLING HOLIDAY

Last Whitsun my friend and I thought we would go for a cycling holiday. Our parents agreed to let us go and so we soon got ready, getting our things together. We borrowed a small tent, as we thought we would camp out. At last all our clothes and provisions were packed on our bikes and so, early on Friday morning, we set off.

It was a lovely day and the weather forecast man said it would be fine next day as well. We thought we would go to Weston-super-Mare, so we consulted the map to find the road to Bristol. At 12.30 p.m. we stopped for lunch on the roadside. When we had finished we set off for Bristol. Later that afternoon we reached Bristol and went under the great suspension bridge. It was getting late when we reached Weston and, as we were tired, we put the tent up in a nearby field and went to sleep.

Next morning we had a snack and then went for a dip in the sea. Later on we went in the bathing pool. In the afternoon we bought some souvenirs and had tea. Then we set off home, getting there about 11.30 p.m. We had both enjoyed ourselves very much and we are going to do it again.

ELIZABETH ISON (IA).

HOSTELLING

Many may already be aware that a group of Sixth Form girls were introduced to the "Youth Hostelling Holiday" during the Easter vacation. We have Miss Smith to thank for organising an enjoyable four days' cycling and for memories both pleasurable and amusing.

We awoke on Easter Monday morning with a troublesome decision before us—should we wear shorts or slacks? The weather forecast solved this problem finally, though not irrevocably, and with saddle-bags bulging, we set out on a promisingly fine morning to meet in Broadway. The first thing I regretted not having packed was a pair of sun glasses and the weather stressed this omission throughout the four days.

On reaching Broadway I fancy all felt a little the effect of unaccustomed time spent in the saddle. However, refreshment having renewed our spirits, we resumed our journey towards the first hostel, at Duntisbourne Abbott. One member of the party, as if competing in a road race, cycling confidently ahead, was soon lost to sight, and consequently, welcomed us at the hostel, her bed made up and the tables laid for the evening meal.

Meanwhile, the rest of us, now nearing our destination, turned just as confidently into a road signposted "unsuitable for motor vehicles." This notice proved true but inadequate. The road having diminished to a grassy track, we asked some labourers if it was, indeed, a through road. They replied to the affirmative with a wondering gaze, which, on reflection, held in it a hint of amusement. Our doubts momentarily suppressed, we continued. Over two fields, the track became almost non-existent, but appeared again reassuringly to plunge down a small but fairly steep incline through a spinney. The first unwary adventurer became marooned halfway down in thick oozing mud. Those following chose to dismount and thread their way through the trees. After similar trials the path was regained and eventually led us back to a main road. Having removed some of the mud and replaced one chain, we reached Duntisbourne.

It seemed the majority of the expedition, weary from the arduous journey, fell asleep that night lulled by the noise from a neighbouring rookery. Further into the night this was replaced by the more distant cooing of pigeons. Then, to four who were awake, came a very different sound, disturbing the mangled conversation whispered through mouthfuls of sweets. This was arrested, however, on discovery of its source, by first an exploratory, and then a more confident, prod.

Next morning, having completed our duties to the satisfaction of the warden, we set out for a day of yet more incident. After only a few miles, an ominous grinding prompted investigation of the back wheel of one bicycle. This was alleviated by the adjusting of the saddle-bag, accomplished with the aid of two companions. So we set out in pursuit of the main party, only to be delayed further. A collie dog chased us with re-

markable, if unaccountable, enthusiasm for an unexpectedly long way. Beginning to have visions of the dog expiring with fatigue in the middle of the road, and we cruel authors of its extremity, we sought the aid of someone to hold it while we made a "quick getaway." Having, as we thought, lost our party completely, we caught sight of a forlorn but familiar figure, who, not a little relieved to see us, had been having trouble with her chain. Not knowing our route but only our objective for the day, St. Briavels Castle, we could no longer hope to catch the others. But with characteristic British tenacity and fortitude we cycled on. At Gloucester we displayed our initiative in the purchase of a map and nonchalantly plotted a route; and with that certain person's flow of pessimistic assertions being abated for the price of four shillings and sixpence—the price of a support for a saddle bag—we continued our journey. Encountering no more difficulty, we arrived at St. Briavels and found that the party was to "assail" the castle in three waves. We were second.

We discovered our bedrooms through a miniature maze of passages and stairs, and after more late-night discussions we fell asleep, content in our triumph over adversity.

After a conducted tour of the castle, we departed, quite convinced that we could not sojourn in a better hostel.

This day was to be comparatively uneventful. The one and only puncture of the trip was sustained descending Symonds Yat, and was competently dealt with by Miss Smith to the approval of the party. After a most pleasant dinner on the banks of the River Wye, we proceeded to Malvern—climbing to the British Camp on foot—before discovering the whereabouts of the hostel.

This we found rather less agreeable than the previous two. Most of us played cards or read before going to bed, though it seems the exhilarating air induced one member of the party to take a short walk before turning in.

There could be no talking after "lights out" this time, and we were mostly confined to the lower bunks, for other hostellers shared our dormitory. Any noises emanating from directly above could not be treated with such liberty as before. The method this time employed to communicate our desire for cessation was to give a brief but violent wriggle on our beds below. This, too, proved effective.

Having left the hostel, we spent the next morning on the hills before making our way homewards. One of the ex-pupils of this school took three of us to her home near Worcester, where we were kindly treated to a brief experience "in the saddle," in the accepted sense of the phrase. After a sumptuous tea, we again set forth with renewed feeling for home.

We arrived in our respective home towns with glowing faces, hoping inwardly that the cause thereof would not be misconstrued and that the red would soon mellow to a luxurious tan.

So a happy experience was completed by a sense of delight and a heightened appreciation of home and, for some, exuberant anticipation of the Whitsun holidays as a time for another such excursion.

ANN SWINGLEHURST (VI).

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR

The darkness toward the east was thinning now. Still the owl's cry drifted down the pathways of the forest, pale stars glimmered in the farthest gloom, but fox and marten paused from hunting, belly deep in mist, and sniffed the coming dawn. Light and soft breezes rustled the green leaves of the tall trees; the birds that roosted in their branches opened round and sleepy eyes.

A twig snapped suddenly, and a young fawn emerged from the undergrowth, trotting silently down the well-worn track to the drinking pool. After drinking quietly for a time the tiny animal became more alert, turning nervously around, as if sensing danger. However, it trotted slowly back along the track and flopped heavily down under the shade of a berry bush which was growing out of a gentle slope.

Suddenly the fawn froze, as down the slope, not more than fifty yards away, padded a magnificent leopard. The huge cat sniffed the air in every direction as if trying to find something to eat for breakfast. The leopard drew nearer and nearer to the terrified fawn, and it certainly seemed as if the leopard had found its scent, when a gentle breeze started to blow in such a direction that the leopard lost the scent and padded off to the pool, going around the very bush where the fawn was hidden. After a very long drink the magnificent animal tossed its head and bounded off into the undergrowth.

The poor fawn, who had relied on camouflage and the way of the wind so much, got up and quickly trotted off to join the rest of the herd.

ALMA TAYLOR (IVA).

THE VISITORS

At one time in my life I used to like visitors. This was when I was small. The visitors used to say nice things to me, and bring me presents. But now I know better than to rely on that.

During the holiday week some relations arrived while we were having our dinner and wanted to be shown all around Stratford. I thought it would be a pleasant walk, but soon I found that I was not wanted. My father and uncle walked in front, talking of car engines, parliament and all the usual things that men talk about.

As all this talk was uninteresting to me, I tried walking with the two women, who strolled along yards behind. I stepped out hopefully alongside them. But it was all no use. I could not get a word in edgeways; their tongues were going nineteen to the dozen. They walked along, not looking where they were going or at the things they were passing. They had not seen each other for ten years and I suppose they were catching up on all the news. It was a hot day and at the rate they were going I expect their tongues were beautifully sunburnt.

After we had had a very pleasing afternoon, or so my parents said, the visitors went, and my parents sank into their chairs with exhaustion at the long sight-seeing trip they had had. The next day I was surprised to hear my mother say: "Good gracious, I forgot to tell auntie this," and "Bother, I shall have to write and tell auntie so and so." The result was that two days after the visitors had gone, mother was writing a long letter to auntie to tell her all that she had forgotten to recount on the day the visitors came.

CHRISTINE DOWN (IIIA).

THE BLOODSUCKER

One day, as my friend and I were walking home from the village, my friend said that she had seen a butterfly on the pavement. We both looked at it, and when my friend got a closer look she said that it was a bloodsucker. I had never seen a bloodsucker before, so I believed her.

The "bloodsucker" was red and black, and had what appeared to be one wing. At one end of it there was a long black tube. We both supposed that the bloodsucker bit you, then sucked your blood with the tube.

"But do bloodsuckers really suck your blood?" I asked my friend. "It might be just a story." To prove that my friend was right about this I asked a local boy whom I knew. He said that they did.

The next thing that came into my mind was to kill the bloodsucker. I thought it might fly up and bite somebody who passed by.

When all the passers-by had gone, I decided to throw stones at it to kill it. "Dare you put your foot on it?" I asked my friend.

"No," she answered. "Dare you?"

I said that the bloodsucker might fly up and bite me if I did, so I carefully proceeded to throw large stones at it. One of them touched it but it did not fly up. I came to the conclusion that it was already dead. Although it might be dead, I still dare not tread on it.

A few minutes later a boy from Sunday School came past on his bicycle. "What on earth are you doing, Rita?" he asked. I told him about the bloodsucker and he ran over it with his bicycle. "That's not a blood-sucker," he said, "it's a bit of tar."

RITA TAYLOR (IIIB).

THE DAY THE 'BUS CAUGHT FIRE

It was one of those uneventful days at school, when nothing seems to happen. I boarded the homeward 'bus and prepared for an equally uneventful journey to Redditch. Then it happened. It was just before the 'bus reached my destination, that I gazed out of the rear window to see what appeared to be a cloud of fog. I could not understand this, because the vision through the other windows was quite clear. When this cloud invaded the 'bus itself, I realised that the 'bus was on fire—here, I thought, was adventure at last. At that moment, the 'bus stopped and all the passengers, including myself, dashed to the normal exit. Nobody thought of using the emergency door. I must admit that, by the time I had reached safety, I was feeling somewhat scared. I then realised that adventure is not exciting when it is frightening and is happening to oneself.

We gathered around the 'bus while the driver and conductor, by means of an extinguisher, tried to put out the flames, which appeared to come from under the floor boards of the 'bus. The fire was gaining a hold, until the crew of a 'bus travelling in the opposite direction stopped and rendered assistance.

By this time the local policeman had arrived and was regulating traffic and repelling inquisitive onlookers, of whom, I must confess, I was one. However, as a passenger, who had escaped mortal danger, I felt rather superior to the onlookers who had arrived on the scene.

When it seemed that the fire was going to gain control, the fire brigade arrived and the firemen immediately quenched the flames.

All excitement having ceased, I started to walk home, to be passed by the 'bus that had nearly ended its days as a bonfire.

I anxiously awaited the delivery of the local paper to read what, I hoped, would be a lurid account of my adventure. When it arrived, however, the account consisted of a small paragraph, stating that the fire was a small one and that none of the passengers had been in danger.

I could not believe my eyes; this was either an account of a different 'bus fire altogether or local journalism showed a serious lack of imagination.

J. SHEPPARD (IIA).

OLLA PODRIDA

The Act of 1875, says J.D., made any crime which one person could commit legal.

* * *

J.S. tells us that he once wrote a whole essay on pigs and who they should be eaten with.

* * *

We are informed by R.S. that Maria wrote a letter in Olivia's handwriting and singed it with Olivia's seal.

"Is this the face," quotes A.L., "that sank a thousand ships?"

* * *

M.L. talks of the Chemical Law of Constant Compassion.

* * *

The person who received the message, writes A.J., had to mesmerise it.

* * *

D.T. enjoyed reading the "Essay on Roast Pig," because it gave him pleasure to know that there were people even more dumb than IVB!

* * *

H.F. writes that canning was a natural punishment at Dotheboys Hall, and, even if it was not the boys' fault, the master canned them.

* * *

P.W. thinks it shows what kind of people are kneaded in the world.

* * *

D.B. states that Pharaoh saw that the children of Israel were generating.

* * *

The teacher, according to J.S., wanted to know how the widow was broken.

* * *

On the authority of J.G., four sailors fell dead, others were wounded very mortally.

* * *

B.P. exclaims: "Wring out the bells."

DAWN

The sky was dark and the air cold; a chill wind sighed softly through the tall elm trees, causing the leaves to rustle slightly. The only sound to be heard was the spluttering of a tiny stream as it wended its way over shining pebbles, between mossy banks and under the dark seclusion of low-growing alder trees as it has done for hundreds of years, and no doubt as it will continue to do in hundreds of years time, when we, alive now, are dust, and lie forgotten in some small, remote corner of the earth.

A faint pallor in the east was the first sign that dawn was approaching, a steady lighting up in the eastern sky. Soon small red-coloured smudgy clouds appeared in the semi-circle of light. Objects hitherto invisible began to take on a form and to obtain depth. The tall trees began to stand out like sentinels on the now rosy red of the eastern horizon.

Suddenly, there appeared a slender flaming arc. As it appeared the world seemed to galvanise into action. A rooster crowed raucously from a nearby farmyard; sheep, horses and cattle began to stir slowly in the fields; birds began to sing; the cowherd, in a grey cap and trousers tied at the knees with string, ambled over the field, lazily chewing a straw and making a queer sucking noise in the process. He presented a strange contrast to the beauty of Nature around him.

The sky was now completely light as the sun's rays drove away the last lingering wisps of shadow from the earth's surface and bathed the fields in a glorious flood of warmth.

With a great effort, the sun seemed to lift itself free from the earth's embrace and shot high up into the sky.

The little stream, unperturbed, tinkled merrily onward on its long journey to the sea. To him, nothing had altered; nothing ever would alter, and yet, another dawn had broken.

N. PINFIELD (VA).

CAREERS FOR WOMEN

The fight for responsible and good positions for women has been a long and hard one. It has taken place mostly during the last hundred years.

In the early part of Queen Victoria's reign, only the very poor women went to work. They worked long hours in mills and factories, were paid very low wages, and were looked down upon by the rich ladies, who stayed at home all day doing their embroidery.

As the Victorian era progressed, some of the daughters of the upper classes began to take jobs as governesses, nurses and school teachers. The fact that one of the daughters of an upper class family went to work seemed to cast a slur on the whole family.

During the First World War, because of the need for manpower in the fighting services, women had a chance to show that they were capable of doing the work usually done by men. Women took jobs as 'bus conductresses, transport drivers or post women. They also took jobs in factories and offices, and showed how useful they could be to the country.

From this time, women searching for careers have not had much difficulty in finding them. During the Second World War, women's labour was again a great help to the country. Now, in peacetime, a career in almost any field lies open to women of ability, who do it as well, if not better, when they take on a job, than the men, who before had the monopoly.

Today, women have jobs in industry as engineers and secretaries, they are qualified scientists and help in research of all kinds, and are often doctors. In the women's services, women pilot aeroplanes and drive tanks. In fact, today, hardly anything is outside the range of women workers.

During the last century all this change has taken place. The women of today, instead of being looked down upon because they go to work, are respected, and form what is a very useful and indispensable part of every community.

MARY JAMES (VA).

HISTORY OF A BOX OF MATCHES

One day, many years ago, a small tree was planted by an old man in a big forest. Soon the old man died, but the tree he planted grew and grew. Summers and winters passed until centuries later some men came and put a white cross on the bark of the tree.

Next day the men came back again, armed with axes and saws. They chopped until they got partly into the trunk of the tree, then they sawed it down. They dragged it out of the forest. More men chopped off the branches, which were then smoothed and cut into match sticks. Pink powder, called brimstone, was fastened onto the tips of the matches.

These matches were then put into a box, which was packed with many other boxes and sent to a shop. The box about whose history I have been telling was sold to a gentleman who wanted them for his children's fireworks. Soon every one of the matches had been spent. The fireworks had gone and the bonfire was out.

SYLVIA LANGSTON (IIA).

MODERN MYTH

In recent years numerous stories have aroused the interest of the public, stories concerning the much-discussed "flying saucer." It was inevitable that, with the furthering of man's education, his endless discoveries and the manner in which he is continually probing into bigger and greater matters, he should reach the point where the subject of the universe finds a permanent and ever-growing place in his thoughts and discussions.

Centuries ago, when man's accumulated knowledge was small, the subject of the earth itself was often discussed to the same extent as is the subject of the universe today, although even today the earth must hold many things yet to be discovered by man. It is, therefore, very understandable that, with millions being linked so closely by radio and rapid travel and always receiving news of this and that, they should think of things that otherwise would only enter the thoughts of a minute minority. Consequently, all sense of proportion is lost, and thoughts easily turn to such things as other planets, and the life, if any, that is found on them, and too many people accept the stories of visits to the earth by "people" from other planets. We cannot, however, condemn the subject out of hand, for there is much evidence yet to be proved false.

It could even be that some nation was attempting to make the world's nations unite by making it appear that a greater and superior race was in a position to overcome the earth and the only course of safety would be the unification of the nations of the earth.

On the other hand, however, people have sworn that their stories of "flying saucers" are true, and have supported them with photographs.

M. DYKE (IVA).

THE MISSING COCKEREL

One evening we were catching the fowl that roosted in the trees near the house and transferring them into a fowl pen. We noticed that a cockerel had gone near or into the house, so we searched; but as no cockerel could we find, we went into the house, had supper, and later retired to our beds.

Next morning, however, while we were having breakfast, we heard a noise from behind the armchair; and, before we knew what was happening a cockerel flew across the table, knocking cups and saucers everywhere and breaking a plant which stood on the middle of the table. My very astonished sister began to cry, but my father caught the cockerel and there was peace again.

The cockerel must have come into the house, hidden behind the armchair, and without making a noise stayed there all night.

ROSEMARY BLUCK (IIIA).

THREE EXTRAORDINARY CATS

Last summer we spent a week of our holiday cruising down the Thames. The first of these cats belonged to the owner of our cruiser, who lived on a little backwater near Weybridge. About twenty yards from the shore was a small island, and the cat used to cry to be taken over so that he could do some hunting and fishing, on his own. When he wanted to return he waited on the bank and mewed to be brought back. If nobody came he would dive into the water and swim home.

The second cat belonged to the lock-keeper of Whitchurch Lock. This lock, by the way, won the prize for the best kept lock on the Thames. This cat came onto our boat when my brother was fishing in the bows. There he sat next to John, in the pouring rain, and his long fur clung to him and he looked a very bedraggled creature. Every time the float disappeared he would stand on his hind legs as if to give warning. Needless to say he was well rewarded for he finished his meal with a pound chub and all that remained next morning were a few scales.

The third cat belonged to some friends of ours who lived on Thames Ditton Island, and his name was Charlie Parker! He was an enormous ginger tom cat and he weighed about two stone. He also liked to do some fishing on his own, at the bottom of their garden on a little landing stage. He would sit motionless, then suddenly he would dive his paw into the water and bring out a fish. When he was small they made a port-hole for him which he could get through with ease. But now he is so huge he can only get his head and shoulders through and has to give a big heave to get the rest of his body through.

They really were three most extraordinary cats.

JANET BANKS (IIA).

MY LITTLE COMPANION

First of all let me describe him. His body is pure white—except when he has been rolling in the mud—and he has two brown and black patches under his left eye. Yes, he is a puppy and his name is Scamp. Mummy says: "Scamp by name and Scamp by nature," which is quite true. About a week ago mummy was ironing and I was talking to her, when all of a sudden I noticed Scamp. It was nothing to laugh about really, but of course I did, for Scamp had got mummy's best nylons and was chewing the foot out.

Another of his favourite habits is chewing up paper. Give him some paper and he is happy, but mummy is not. He eats anything but his proper food. Mummy and daddy say they will get rid of him, but at the bottom of their hearts, like me, they love him all the same.

DAWN DYSON (1B).

SIXTH FORM NOTES

This term the Sixth Form Room has been peaceful owing to the outdoor activities afforded to both the girls and the boys. The boys are taking advantage of the use of court three, kindly provided by Miss Smith and the senior girls, to improve their tennis, so that we may challenge the School tennis team, and we hope to make better partners for the girls when we have our annual match against the Staff.

Most of the Sixth are members of the School teams this term. Sheila Winspear, Ann Swinglehurst, Sally Merris, Ann Lidgley and Pamela O'Nions have represented the tennis team. Ann Lidgley, Pamela O'Nions, Sheila Winspear, Jane Rawbone, Ruth Highman, Sally Merris, Sheila Hall and Beryl Pope have played successfully for the Girls' Cricket XI. Our sole representative in the Rounders 1st IX is Jane Rawbone. Keyte, Davis, Thornton and Cleeton have played for the Boys' 1st Cricket XI.

Our social engagements, to date, have been very few, I believe the only event being the visit of several of our girls to a display of Country Dancing at Birmingham. However, I can report little on this topic as, for once, gossip seems to be restricted.

The General Certificate of Education Examinations are the dominating feature of this term for Upper VI members. Many views were expressed as usual by this little group on the sudden arrival of sports heats and similar activities, yet it may be noticed that most have competed, contrary to their expressed intentions. The Lower VI are, I expect, watching us to note our reactions to the examinations while they are preparing for their own.

As this is the last time that I shall be writing this article, I should like to take this opportunity to thank, on behalf of all the Upper VI and for myself, every member of the Staff for everything that they have done for us in the past seven school years, and I am sure we shall never forget.

P. DAVIS.

NATIONAL SAVINGS

On March 31st, 1955, the School Group completed its most successful year of saving since 1945. The total amount saved was £612, which represented an average of approximately £21 per week.

There was no doubt that this was largely owing to the sustained National Campaign for Two Million New Savers, and the impetus has considerably slackened during this Summer term, but it is to be hoped that members will return in September fully determined to make the utmost use of this Savings Group.

I would remind those of you who opened a Post Office Savings Bank account, that National Saving Stamps may be transferred directly into those bank books. Moreover, members who do not yet belong may always open such accounts through this Group with an initial deposit of 5s. if they do not wish to purchase Certificates at 15s.

Finally, a word of thanks and commendation to those members of our School who took part in the National Savings South Warwickshire Schools' Quiz. Their willing co-operation and cheerfulness, in the face of large audiences and tough opposition, was not only a credit to themselves, but brought to our School a well-deserved reputation for public spirit.

My personal thanks also to all those "supporters" who travelled with the Alcester team to Shipston, Leamington Spa and Stratford, and whose enthusiasm and good will throughout the contests made the journeys a pleasure to organise.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The normal business of the Society continued as usual, with a different set of members being responsible each week for the Society activities. We finally overcame the "hangover" from the School plays by cleaning out a very dusty "props" room.

Since the School play the capabilities of each member have been known, so that no one is left without anything to do. Thus, in this last term, we have had all kinds of parlour games, ranging from Twenty Questions to a Brains Trust, and from Miming to Play-Reading.

At Half-Term we were sorry to lose the services of Careless, whom many of you will remember as Tassell, the sports master in our play staged last term. We wish him every success in his career.

BOLT (*Secretary*).

THE COUNTRY DANCE SOCIETY

Secretary : S. WINSPEAR.

Treasurer : A. LIDGEY.

We continue to enjoy our Friday activity and have concentrated on more new set dances, including Dargason, Fandango, Hunsdon House and Newcastle, this term.

On Thursday, 9th June, Miss Hewitt took us to the Central Hall, Birmingham, to see a display of Folk Dancing. The programme included country, Morris, sword, coconut and square dances. There was also a delightful display of Scottish dancing, and some Irish dancing, which we found very entertaining.

A. LIDGEY.

SCOUTS

The Troop has progressed very satisfactorily this term, and with one or two exceptions the scouts are pulling their weight. We have had several more investitures this term. Also we have had several Patrol competitions, amongst which one including questions on "B.P." was interesting. Banfield, of the Wolf Patrol, gave a very good talk on his experiences in Egypt.

The weather has made us make more use of the Geography room than we should have liked, which meant very few wide games. The Troop bank is quite large and Skip bought three nests of billies which we used to make tea in imaginary enemy-country for an invalid.

Troop Leader B. MERRIS (*Wolf P.L.*).

F. MORRALL (*Buffalo P.L.*).

A. EDMONDS (*Bulldog P.L.*).

A.G.S. Platoon, 7/11th Battalion, Royal Warwickshire Regiment, ARMY CADET FORCE

We have proceeded well in the training of cadets for Certificate "A" parts one and two. The following cadets passed part one, on Sunday, June 19th: Cotter, Dale, Nutbeam, Hartill, Batchelor and Bridgman. The examination for Certificate "A", part two, takes place on Sunday, 10th July.

Two visits have been made, so far, to the Drill Hall, Stratford-on-Avon, for shooting practice on the .22 range, and it is hoped that later we shall be able to hold an inter-section competition.

The Cadet Sports take place at Stratford-on-Avon, on Sunday, June 26th, and we hope that we shall be able to enter a strong team.

Sgts. DAVIS and MILLER.

CRICKET (Boys)

So far this term we have been playing a little better than we did last year, and we have at last succeeded in winning a match. Our big disappointment this season is that we have been forced to cancel five matches owing to adverse weather conditions. In the matches we have played it has been noticeable that some of our batsmen are improving on their performances last year, and that our bowlers are at least up to last year's standard, if not slightly better. We hope that these improvements will be maintained, and that our fielding, especially on the ground, will become keener later in the season.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. 1st XI v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), drawn, 78 for 8 dec.—41 for 6.
 v. Stratford K.E.S. (away), lost, 70—71 for 4.
 v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), won, 69—67.
 v. King's Norton G.S. (away), lost, 40—41 for 3.

G. D. KEYTE.

THE STRIKE

The stations close their door,
 The rails go red,
 The engines cease their roar,
 The fires go dead,
 The baggage lies uncleared,
 The mail's delayed,
 And as it may be feared,
 Some industries are stayed.
 The whole thing is an awful fuss,
 But I'm all right, I go by 'bus.
 I don't suppose it will last very long,
 But if it does I shall be wrong.

PHILLIPA WHATELEY (IVB).

CRICKET (Girls)*Captain* : A. LIDGEY.

Practices have been held on Monday nights and have been attended by Forms IV, V and VI.

We were unfortunate to have our match cancelled against Studley owing to the rail strike, but were very thrilled to win our match against Kingsley School, as last season we suffered a heavy defeat.

A.G.S. batted first and scored 18 for the first wicket. P. O'Nions 10; A. Lidgey 9. The next three wickets fell cheaply, but a stand of 16 by S. Merris, 11, and M. Lowe, 8, added considerably to our score and we reached a total of 52 runs and recorded only two "ducks."

Kingsley batted and P. O'Nions had a grand spell of bowling, taking 7 wickets, including two in the last over. So A.G.S. recorded a win by 10 runs.

The team was: P. O'Nions, A. Lidgey, S. Winspear, J. Rawbone, R. Highman, S. Merris, M. Lowe, A. Bluck, B. Whitehouse, S. Hall and B. Pope.

A. LIDGEY.

TENNIS*Captain* : S. WINSPEAR.*Vice-Captain* : A. SWINGLEHURST.

Despite the loss of three of our last season's team, we have so far this season been very successful. Weather permitting, practices have, as before, been held on Tuesday evenings.

Conditions have been fairly favourable this year. In our first match, at Chipping Campden, however, a gale reduced the standard of our play, though it did not prevent a good victory. This season we have defeated teams formerly thought to be invincible. Therefore, we were particularly pleased with victories over Worcester, Evesham, Redditch and Studley College. As our remaining fixtures are return matches with these schools, we hope to maintain our unbeaten record.

We have received, for the first time, a challenge from the boys, which opportunity of administering the necessary treatment we eagerly accept.

The following have represented the School this season: S. Winspear, A. Swinglehurst, A. Lidgley, S. Merris, P. O'Nions and M. Lowe.

RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st VI	v.	Chipping Campden G.S. (away), won, 60—39 games.
	v.	Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), won, 6—3 sets.
	v.	Worcester G.S. (home), won, 5—4 sets.
	v.	Studley College (home), won, 5—4 sets.
	v.	Redditch C.H.S. (home), won, 7—2 sets.

S. WINSPEAR.

ROUNDERS

Both teams have been quite successful this term. Practices have been held regularly and much enthusiasm has been shown by members of the lower forms.

The match against Worcester Grammar School had to be stopped half-way owing to rain, but play continued after refreshments.

We had a new fixture, against Worcester Training College, and both teams had convincing wins.

Three matches have been cancelled owing to bad conditions and athletics.

The first IX has been represented by: B. Whitehouse, M. Scott, J. Rawbone, A. Bluck, C. Down, J. Burford, S. Tilsley, E. Gregory and J. Dugmore.

The Second IX has been represented by J. Holt, F. Jackson, A. Davis, S. Poolton, M. Rogers, J. Dixon, M. Hemming, A. Fletcher, S. Dyson and M. Pugh.

RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st IX	v.	Chipping Campden G.S.	...	Away	Won	...	6½—4½
	v.	Evesham P.H.G.S.	...	Home	Won	...	10½—1½
	v.	Worcester G.G.S.	...	Home	Lost	...	1½—2
	v.	Worcester T.C.	...	Home	Won	...	7—2
	v.	Redditch C.H.S.	...	Home	Lost	...	2—5
A.G.S. 2nd IX	v.	Chipping Campden G.S.	...	Away	Won	...	2—1½
	v.	Worcester G.G.S.	...	Home	Lost	...	0—1
	v.	Worcester T.C.	...	Home	Won	...	9½—1½

JANE RAWBONE.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS**FOOTBALL**

A.G.S. 1st XI	v.	Stratford Farmers	Home	...	Won	...	4 — 0
	v.	Bromsgrove C.H.S. "A" XI	Away	...	Won	...	8 — 1
	v.	Worcester J.T.S.	Home	...	Won	...	6 — 1
	v.	Old Scholars' XI	Home	...	Lost	...	3 — 5

A.G.S.

Under 15 XI	v.	Hugh Clopton 1st XI	Home	...	Lost	...	2 — 4
	v.	Bromsgrove C.H.S. Under 15 XI	Lost	...	2 — 6
	v.	Bidford S.M.S. 1st XI	Home	...	Lost	...	0 — 11

SIDES: Jackals 2, Brownies 0; Tomtits 7, Jackals 1; Tomtits 4, Brownies 0; Tomtits 4, Rest 1.

SIDES (Junior): Jackals 8, Brownies 0; Jackals 6, Tomtits 1; Tomtits 6, Brownies 4.

ANALYSIS

RESULTS							GOALS	
			PLAYED	WON	DRAWN	LOST	for	against
A.G.S. 1st XI	...	13	8	2	3	48	25	
A.G.S. Under 15 XI	...	8	3	—	5	29	30	

HOCKEY

A.G.S. 1st XI	v.	Old Scholars	Home	...	Won	...	1 — 0
	v.	Staff	Home	...	Won	...	1 — 0
	v.	Hugh Clopton S.M.S.	Away	...	Won	...	8 — 1

SIDES: Brownies 2, Jackals 2; Tomtits 1, Brownies 0; Jackals 1, Tomtits 1.

SIDES (Junior): Brownies 2, Jackals 0; Brownies 3, Tomtits 0; Jackals 2, Tomtits 0.

ANALYSIS

RESULTS								
			PLAYED	WON	DRAWN	LOST	GOALS	
							for	against
A.G.S. 1st XI	15	11	4	—	51	22
A.G.S. 2nd XI	9	5	—	4	28	24

NETBALL

A.G.S. 1st VII	v.	Leamington College 1st VII	Away	...	Won	...	7 — 5
A.G.S. 2nd VII	v.	Leamington College 2nd VII	Away	...	Lost	...	2 — 19

SIDES: Jackals 12, Brownies 5; Tomtits 14, Brownies 4; Jackals 13, Tomtits 5.

SIDES (Juniors): Brownies 6, Jackals 5; Brownies 11, Tomtits 6; Jackals 4, Tomtits 3.

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